



# After



👁 140 ✓ 5 ⭐ 9

## Chapter 1 by Audrey Simmons

To get to after, we have to pinpoint something: after what?

May twenty-sixth, I walk into school. I'm wearing a new dress I got the day before. My junior year is headed towards a close and the seniors that are to graduate in six days are on my mind. I'm going to miss them.

Fast forward to my first period class. A guidance councilor walks in and asks to see me. She says I won't be back in class. I'm terrified. What did I do? I walk with her down the hall to a room I didn't even know existed, and in it are the principal, the vice principal, and my band director.

"Please, have a seat." The principal says with a polite nature and a smile that fills me with dread.

"The news I'm about to tell you is no easy one to share, but it must be said" This is it. I have detention, or Saturday school, maybe I'm just expelled.

"Last night, Meghan was in a car accident, and was killed. Her parents said that you two were very close and they wanted you to be the first to know"

I have a lot to say

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"Her boyfriend Brooklyn..."

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I haven't taken a breath yet

I look at each face, waiting for one to crack a smile, waiting for one to start laughing, waiting for someone to let me in on the joke, waiting for Meghan to burst through the door laughing, waiting for her to hug me and tell me it's just a joke, waiting for any sign that none of this is real.

Finally, I take a breath.

It's all real.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



I guess cutting her brake-lines last night as a joke was not very funny after all. Senior pranks had gotten a little out of hand this year... I guess I was caught up in things a little too heavily. I just wanted to get her back for filling my locker with whip cream. Now I have murdered my two best friends. Will the investigate? Are the police on their way now? Sweat beads my forehead. No this is not the reaction, I need to cry.

## Chapter 3 by cheetah3



I kept going back to the thought that they were just joking and that the Earth wasn't going to turn upside down. But I could only think about Meghan. All the memories of joy, all the sorrow we shared together, the anger, the fear: it had all vanished. I was now emotionless. Perhaps it was me, but the way the principal said Brooklyn's name made me think it was HIS fault. What if it was?

No. It wasn't. It was MY fault and I should be blamed. But how would I tell anyone?

Principal Waters was staring at my expressionless face and I could tell that she was her mind was racing with thought of what was going on in my mind.

## Chapter 4 by Amanda



I started sweating more, feeling the pressure and anxiety eating away at my body. "Francesca, is everything ok..... you seem a little sweaty and anxious, unlike the normal reaction which is

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thought to be in touch with the world, but I have not been able to get in touch with this news  
and still have not wrapped my head around it. I am not sure if I am just not smart enough or if I was just that day.  
I am not sure if I am just not smart enough or if I was just that day.

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normal and ok for you to take a day off of school tomorrow, to deal with the pain." She had no idea that on my day off I had to think of a plan to get out of this mess.

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